

The Evening World

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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The
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INCREASE.....4,261 1/2

This record of growth was not equaled by any
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

FOR INDUSTRY, WITH GOOD CHEER.

There is a fragment of very old Welsh verse which,
as it is translated, reads thus:

Three are the ornaments of a hamlet—
A book,
A teacher versed in song,
A smith in his smithy.

That is, Education, Good Cheer and Industry. At
the bottom of the list Industry, not because it is last,
but because it is the foundation. In the disturbance of
Industry there is the end of Good Cheer and the
toppling of Education.

In New York, as in every great centre, Industry
is not only an ornament, but a necessity of living and
of peace. In certain of its great branches, the allied
building trades, it has been gravely threatened of late.
But yesterday The Evening World was able to give
assurance that settlement was probably near at hand.
The Evening World news was good. It should be
affirmed promptly by events. "Only common sense is
necessary," with fairness and moderation on each hand.

Let us have Industry complete, with Peace and
Good Cheer.

AN AID TO THE POLICE.

Emerging from a folding-bed, two detectives arrested
a man on the charge of bribery. They affirm that while
in their unique retreat they had observed him pass
money to patrolmen, the bills presumably reeking with
the microbes of corruption.

The episode tends to give a new status to a despised
and derided article. Long has the folding-bed been a
jest. Evil habits have been ascribed to it. It has been
portrayed as doubling up maliciously with people inside,
or as undoubling to the discomfort of people outside,
but no good has been spoken of it.

This aspect, however, is trivial. The important
feature is the lesson to the police. When they suspect a
man of intent to commit crime they have only to lure
him into the presence of a folding-bed stocked with de-
tectives. There he must be induced to consummate his
sinister purpose. The bed opens, and appear, terrible
and triumphant, the representatives of the law.

Perhaps the police, in dealing with the criminal element,
have been handicapped by an insufficiency of
folding-beds.

COURTS FOR CHILDREN.

Doubtless Magistrate Flammer, of Harlem, spoke in
haste when he said the Children's Court "interferes with
the proper disposition of justice." It happened that his
own convenience had been interfered with by the ab-
sence of two witnesses who were at the moment in the
Children's Court. However important the convenience
of Magistrate Flammer, it ought not, even in the mind
of the gentleman himself, to be confounded with justice.
The solemnity of official routine in his office is secondary.
Perhaps on reflection he would so concede.

Often the infliction of penalty is an expression of
justice, although much more can be done for society by
prevention of crime than by sending to prison the law-
breaker who has become dangerous and possibly beyond
reform.

Courts for juvenile offenders in all of the several
cities where these tribunals exist have been proved
practical and beneficent. They succeed, naturally with
individual exceptions, in their purpose, which is that of
arresting the course of wayward youth. Many a boy or
girl, apparently set toward a vicious career and a bad
ending, has been saved by them to usefulness.

If this "interferes with the disposition of justice" in
police courts, it is through reduction of the volume of
business there.

AN END TO SULLY AND HIS CORNER.

The career of Daniel J. Sully, "Cotton King," has
come to the period quite common to monarchs of his
particular class, on "change. It seems hardly necessary
to point the moral.

Mr. Sully claimed to be actuated by the highest
motives in his attempt to construct a "corner" in cotton.
He was working for the growers, who were not getting
what they should be getting for their crops. It will be
remembered that Mr. "Joe" Leiter talked in this same
vein when attempting a "corner" in wheat. Growers
of the great cereal suggested a monument for Mr. Leiter.
But the shaft has not yet arisen.

What we may read plainly in the downfall of the
"corner" builder is that no real interest of crops or
growers can be served by artificial and feverish processes
in the market. Prosperity is a plant of natural growth.
It cannot be enduringly cultivated by the hothouse pro-
cess of turning the question of crops and prices into a
pure gamble.

THE WIFE'S WILL AND THE COURT'S.

Recently, in Coshocott, a wife was enjoined from
refusing to make her husband's bed or to prepare his three
meals per day. Feminine Coshocott went promptly into
expressed contempt of court.

Now the news comes from Chicago that a Judge has
refused to issue an order that a certain wife shall get
her husband's dinner. The Court in the Windy City is
not taking long chances on contempt.

Wise men of the bench are here shown at extremes
of disagreement.

The wives will split the difference. They will do as
they please.

Subway trains are definitely promised in June. "Then, if
ever, come perfect day."

Two Beaux to This Girl's String.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:
I am calling on a young lady. We
expect to be married, though not yet
engaged, but the understanding exists.
Among other visitors is a gentleman, a
friend of the lady's family, whom I do
not at all resemble. I would, I would
state to her. When he calls he never
leaves before 11:30 and 12. The other
evening when we were both here, by
agreement I left about 11, and when
asked why I was going, remarked, out
of hearing of the lady, that the com-
pany was not congenial and if, in fu-
ture, she would inform me when the
other party intended calling, I would
remain away. My action has called forth
a storm of protest. If it was in error I
am willing to make amends.

THIS letter is
interesting be-
cause it typi-
fies the New York
young man's point
of view. It shows
him to be consid-
er his calling on a
young woman in
the light of a com-
mitment to her in-
stead of a pleasure
which she allows
him. Probably R. S.
doesn't really want
any advice, al-
though he asks for it, and won't take
it when it is given to him. But if he
really wishes to behave properly in the
matter he will, by all means, make
amends by apologizing to the young
woman.

No man has the right to dictate in a
matter of this kind unless he is en-
gaged to the girl. Even then dictation
should be unnecessary, as he ought to
be able to make himself agreeable to
his fiancée as to render the society
of another man without charm or in-
terest to her. R. S. is not engaged to
the young woman he complains of, and
just because she chooses to receive a
man personally objectionable to him
on the same evening as himself, he
takes his departure in high dudgeon,
after threatening her with the loss of
his society unless she amends her ways.

Does it not occur to him that until he
is actually engaged to the girl the other
man has quite as much claim on her
time and society as he has, and that
the other would have as much right to
deliver an ultimatum barring R. S. from
the house?

As a matter of fact, neither has the
least claim on the girl, and she is pay-
ing both of them a compliment in per-
mitting them to call on her.

Possibly they do not realize this. The
New York man is not apt to realize it.
Nor is the New York girl given to im-
pressing it upon him.

Another thing—when R. S. wants to
signalize his displeasure by leaving a
girl's home, it would be more pointed
for him to take his departure at 9
o'clock than at 11, when he ought to be
going away. R. S. considers leaving
at 11 early. His deadly rival says until
11:30 or 12. Poor girl!

There is nothing on earth more ex-
asperating than a man who doesn't
know when to go. Up to 10 o'clock a
girl is glad to entertain almost any
young man of her acquaintance. If he
is unusually interesting his welcome
may last until 11. But after that, the
only way in which he can make himself
agreeable is by taking his hat.

Let R. S. realize that, as well as the
fact that he cannot monopolize a girl's
attention until their engagement has
given him the right to, and that until
then any one of half a dozen men has
in this case the girl's choice seemed to
be limited to two men. One of them is
evidently superfluous. Which one?

Why, that's up to the girl!

CONSOlation.

She had worked her leap-year pre-
rogative and he had balked at the
hurdle.

"Ah," she sighed, "this is indeed a
cruel and unexpected blow!"

"If it will make it any easier for
you," said the marble-hearted young
man, "I'm willing to admit that I
snore dreadfully."—Chicago News.

HER ULTIMATUM.

The Cop-By Jove! The folks here
live pretty high, don't they?

The Cook—Oh, yes! I gave them to
understand that they'd have to, if they
wanted to keep me.—Brooklyn Life.

CHAPTER VI.

Renowned.

"You," Craven says at length,
"What has brought you here?"

"I don't know. I wanted to
come here—"

"She feels a little
choking sensation in her throat, and
stops, unable to proceed."

"I didn't mean to come back so soon,"
says Craven, who has never once re-
moved his eyes from her face while
she, on the contrary, has not had the
courage to lift hers to his.

"I thought you meant to never to come
back," she answers in a low, husky
tone.

"So I did—but—bitterly—you see I
could not help myself; you ought to
be proud of that, ought you not?"

"Oh, do not speak to me in that
tone!" she entreates, at last letting her
eyes meet his, and he can see the heavy
tears lurking in their soft depths.

"How would you have me speak to
you?" he asks, reproachfully, but not
so coldly as a moment since. "When

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITTLE MAN ON EARTH.

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Mr. Peewee Gives Miss Tootsie Sixfoot a Lesson in Manicuring.



To-day's Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial Was Written by Marion Rockwell, 25 Bruce Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for To-day: No. 1—ISADOR KAPLAN, 46 East 98th St., New York City;
No. 2—F. G. TALIAFERRO, 256 West 40th St., New York City; No. 3—ARTHUR H. ZIEGLER, 675 East
154th St., New York City.

Sunday's Prize "Fudge" Editorial Cook, "Why Not THINK—and Save COAL?"

The Russovitskys and the Japahashis at War.

All Else Failing the Russos Won by Throwing a Little Vladivostok Into the Japs.



A Maiden All Forlorn.

(By permission of George Munro's Sons,
Copyright, 1903, by George Munro's Sons,
New York.)
"You," Craven says at length,
"What has brought you here?"
"I don't know. I wanted to
come here—"

By "The Duchess."

"This time she has varied it," re-
turns Bonnie, "by telling more truth
than lies. My sister and Mr. Craven
have quite made up their minds and
are engaged to each other."
"I don't believe it!" cries the Major,
rising to his feet.
At this instant the folding doors are
flung open, and Craven, appearing on
the scene most unexpectedly, enters,
leading Cecil by the hand. He draws
her gently forward, until they both
stand before the discomfited Major.
"Major Jarvis won't believe you are
going to be married," says Ronnie,
with a little laugh.
"Oh, yes, I am! Am I not, Cecil?"
asks Duke, glancing down lovingly at
his betrothed, who laughs a little, too,
and blushes deeply.
"You will come to their wedding,
won't you, Major?" asks Ronnie, mis-
chievously.
The Major, though overpowered by
numbers, still lets his evil humor have
full sway.
"With pleasure," he replies, with an
ill grace. And then, maliciously, "Only
sorry I can't come to yours too, Miss
Ronnie."
"Don't be sorry another instant. Major,"
says Lord Errington, pleasantly;
"he has come up to them unnoticed by
Jarvis. Ronnie and I will be only too
glad if you will promise to dance at
our wedding also. It will be quite
simple, you know, as we all intend to
be married on the same day from the
same house."
"Very charming arrangement, I'm
sure!" returns the defeated Major. "It
would be quite superfluous to offer
congratulations. You all know exactly
how I feel toward you."
He smiles grimly as he says this.
"Dear me," says the Major, pulling
out his watch. "It grows very late.
I shall miss the up-train if I don't make
haste. Good-by, good-by."
"Stay and sleep at the Court to-
night," says Craven, hospitably, "a
little cold."
"Why, where are you going in such
hot haste?" asks Craven curiously.
"I'm going abroad!" declares
the Major, desperately; after which
he shuffles out of the room and is
lost to their sight for many a day.
"Poor Major!" says Cecil. "How dis-
couraged he looked! I know he de-
served anything but, but I couldn't help
feeling sorry for him."
"He is unworthy of your pity," an-
swers Craven, drawing her away from
the others into the deep embrasure of
the window. "I know he de-
served anything but, but I couldn't help
feeling sorry for him."
"Would that have been such a terrible
thing?" she asks with an upward glance
and a very pardonable touch of co-
quetry.
"Ceil, what a question!" he returns
reproachfully.
"I think you put it wrongly," says
Cecily with a frown. "I meant to take
you from me."
"Would that have been such a terri-
ble thing?" she asks in his turn with a
little smile.
"I don't know. Would it?" she ques-
tions tremulously.
"My love—my life—it would have been
death," says Craven, with passionate
earnestness. "Turning to her he takes
her into his arms and holds her close
against his heart, where, he de-
cided, her proper home most surely lay."
(The End.)

The Man Higher Up

Cotton King's
Crown Is in
the Discard.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that they put
a crimp in Dan Sully, the Cotton King."

"Surest thing you know," replied the Man
Higher Up. "They took the king's crown and put it in
the discard. It took them just five weeks to tin-
can Sully out of his bankroll. You remember that we talked
about this young man Sully last summer and I ex-
pressed the fear that he wouldn't know when to lay
down his hand. My fear came out."

"That is the trouble with all the corner manipulators.
They have heated feet. When they are coming in car-
riages to the ordinary man he generally gets a chill in
his pedal extremities at the psychological moment and
cashes in, but the corner promoters work with overshoes
and woolen socks."

"Look at Sully at the beginning of the year! He had
a bundle of microbe cages that would choke the Panama
Canal, he had just blown himself for a \$300,000 house
and he called all the Waldorf-Astoria millionaires by
their first names. He had unloaded his cotton and the
whole world was open to him for mazuma exercising
purposes."

"But he couldn't quit. He thought he had the layout
hypnotized. 'What license,' he said to himself, 'has
John D. Rockefeller got to have more cash than I? In
less than a year I have made all the Wall street star
performers look like dachshunds in a coursing match.
There is a lot more cash down here, and I need it all.'

"Whenever they think they need it all, Mike, they
are steering themselves to the road for the bankruptcy
proceedings. Young Joe Leiter needed it all when he ran
his big corner in Chicago, and they are picking up pieces
of him yet. Rockefeller ran up a corner in oil, but he
spent a great many years at it and it cost him his
appetite and his hair. You can count the successful
speculative corners on your ears."

"Do you think Sully will win out again?" asked the
Cigar Store Man.

"Sure," answered the Man Higher Up. "He is hep
to the cotton business and will always manage to ac-
cumulate cigarette money, but he never will forget those
three million frogskins he had in his bank roll at the
beginning of the year."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

Every Other Man Would Be Glad to Buy a
Hat for Such a Patient Wife. But Him, Oh,
You Know How He Is! And the Example
He Sets Poor Little Brother Willie!

"WHY shouldn't mother and my little brother Willie
come along?"

"You didn't object to their coming, you say?
Well, have you said a word for four blazes! And here
mother and I have been talking to you and trying to be
patient under a strain that a saint wouldn't bear."

"What strain, you say? Why, your black, scowling hu-
mor. Don't you hear mother talking to you? She asks you
if you are not ashamed of the awful life you lead."

"But, mother, a little, homely, quiet family party has no
charms for you. You should never have married Mr. Nagg.
Your inclinations are all rough and brutal. I saw you
scowl at the parrot this morning, just because, in the inno-
cence of his heart, he was making a little noise."

"But you could not make yourself heard, you say?
"Humph! Who wants to hear what you have to say?
After a while you will be ordering mamma and me and
little brother Willie around like dogs, expecting us to
cringe at your feet."

"Don't twiddle your thumbs! Sit up straight! Why
didn't you put on a clean collar? You couldn't find one? Oh,
Mr. Nagg, you wait till we are out in a street car, in a
public conveyance, and start a dreadful quarrel about a
collar. You never hear me quarrel about a bit."

"You never hear me quarrel about such trifles.
But, of course, anything will do you to buy me an Easter
hat and are starting a dreadful quarrel and are abusing me
in a street car in the presence of my poor, patient mother
and my little brother Willie."

"Little brother Willie is only going on twenty-six. Such
shocking scenes are not for a child. Besides, you see what
a nervous condition he is in. You know he is just out of
the Keely cure."

"You want to give the poor boy false ideas of life, to
make him dissipated, to lead him astray, simply because
you know he was raised a pet."

"Ah, if my poor papa was alive it would break his heart
to see how he is treated. He was so pleased when I mar-
ried and left home, because he thought I would be happy.
And to think I left such a home, where all was peace and
joy, to live a cat-and-dog life with you."

"And to think of how glad I was to go with you, because
poor papa's temper was so violent, and I think he hated the
very sight of me, and as for poor little brother Willie, he
used to beat me dreadfully and always said he was a gal-
lows bird, and then he'd chase us out of the house and
wouldn't let us back in until we had begged his pardon."

"Stop fidgeting, Mr. Nagg! Why do you sit there with a
scowl, just because you see me happy and uncomplaining?
I thought it would be so pleasant for us all to be a united
family. That's why I asked mother to come and stop with
us, and poor little brother Willie is not strong enough to
work. You know he strained his finger playing football two
weeks ago."

"Just because he wouldn't take a place in your office be-
cause he thought the long office hours from 9 till 4 would
undermine his constitution and interfere with his training
for the throwing-the-hammer championship, you have been
prejudiced against him. You know you have! Don't deny
it. As long as I have a home my little brother shall
have one, too."

"He's welcome, you say? Oh, Mr. Nagg, don't be a
hypocrite. Don't grin and try to look pleasant. Now, what
are you scowling for? Oh, what ever such a man?"

"Here is the bonnet shop. Call Willie back; the boy is
actually going into a saloon! Oh, Mr. Nagg, this is your
examination!"

"Why can't you be kind to the boy? If he threatens
to kick you, it was only his playful way."

"Oh, what a dirty collar. You wore it on purpose, ju-
st to disgrace us! And brother Willie is so sensitive and in-
fined."

"There! Willie is in a fight with a negro! Oh, Mr. Nagg,
it is all your fault! Police! Help! Run to brother Willie's
side! He's hurt himself. Look how recklessly he is
jumping on that negro ruffian's face!"

Catching Cold.

A German sanitary expert, Dr. Kuester, maintains that
there is no danger of catching cold from the occasional
opening of the front door of street cars, and that much
more harm is done by the stuffy, microbe-laden air when
the doors are kept closed.